

# BLUE GRASS BLADE.

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DO UNTO OTHERS AS YOU WOULD HAVE THEM DO UNTO YOU—CONFUCIUS.  
THE OTHER IS MY COUNTRY; TO DO GOOD MY RELIGION—TOM PAINE.  
AN HONEST GOD IS THE NOBLEST WORK OF MAN—INGERSOLL.

EDITED BY A HEATHEN IN THE INTEREST OF GOOD MORALS.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY; \$1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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\$1.00 A YEAR



*Charles C. Moore*  
Editor

## TERMS OF THE BLADE.

1 issue for one year \$1.00.  
5 " " " " \$2.50

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When you change your address advise this office giving old as well as new address.

When you send your subscription say whether you are a new or old subscriber.

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AGENTS FOR THE BLADE. Anybody can be an Agent for the Blade by sending two cents each for ten papers or more.

ADVERTISING IN THE BLADE. Rowell's Newspaper Directory says:

5,368. Average Weekly Circulation for 1900

BLUE GRASS BLADE, Lexington, Ky.

The leading weekly in the State. Published in the heart of the Blue Grass Region. Circulates in every State in the Union and in some foreign countries.

Reaches a liberal class of buyers. Advertising rates and sample copies on application.

My terms are \$10.00 an inch a year, paid in advance, regardless of the number of inches and for nothing less than a year.

CHARLES C. MOORE.

"THE DAMNED STUFF CALLED ALCOHOL."

I believe that alcohol, to a certain degree, demoralizes those who make it, those who sell it, and those who drink it.

I believe from the time it issues from the coiled and poisonous worm of the distillery until it empties into the hell of crime, death and dishonor, it demoralizes everybody that touches it.

I do not believe that anybody can contemplate the subject without becoming prejudiced against this liquid crime.

All you have to do is to think of the wrecks upon either bank of this stream of death—of the suicides, of insanity, of the poverty, of the ignorance, of the distress, of the little children tugging at the faded dresses of weeping and despairing wives, asking for bread; of the men of genius it has strangled; of the millions who have struggled with imaginary serpents produced by this devilish thing.

And when you think of the jails, of the almshouses, of the prisons, and of the scaffolds upon either bank, I do not wonder that every thoughtful man is prejudiced against the damned stuff called alcohol.

ROBERT A. INGERSOLL.

\$276.00

Subscribed for the Linotype Up to March 20.

At the time I write this, March 14, \$276 has been subscribed on the amount of \$500 that I ask for to make the first payment on a linotype machine, believing that I can pay the balance in the installments that are allowed.

If more than this is subscribed by the time this goes to press for the Blade of March 23, the large figures at the top of this account will be changed to show the amount.

Of course I cannot tell any better than any of you can, whether or not I will get the \$500. I guess that my chances are about even—one out of two.

If I get that \$500. I am going to start, on the very next day, on my effort to get 100,000 readers for the Blade in three years. If I live, with the belief that the work will be earnestly prosecuted by my friends if I die before that time is out.

In all my work with the Blade my efforts have been, until this time, to establish the literary and moral character of the paper.

In this I have been far more successful than I anticipated in the beginning. When the number of persons who enjoy the Blade, and the amount of real enjoyment of each, are taken into consideration, I doubt if there is a newspaper in the world that surpasses the Blue Grass Blade.

I am perfectly independent now regarding the fine matter that is to go into this paper each week. I may not make the scratch of a pen, and yet there will be supplied, each week, from the finest infidel new paper writers, abundance of matter to put twice as much into this paper as ordinarily has; and that is what I intend to do. Beside this I am continually coming to the Blade articles from new correspondents of both sexes and all ages, from fifteen to ninety, in prose and poetry—things that are good and ought to be printed.

Of course there is much that my "waste barrel" catches, when return stamps are not sent.

I do not intend to slack any of my personal energy as a writer for this paper, but if I can only get that \$500, I intend to put into an increase of the circulation of this paper, an energy far in excess of anything that I have ever yet exerted.

The "Appeal to Reason," a Socialist paper has attained a circulation of 120,000. It is true that Socialism, like religion and politics, has dollars and cents in it—supposedly at least—for its friends, and it is quite a different thing for an infidel paper, that is simply a matter of principle and morals, to gain such a circulation as that, but—if I can get the \$500 for the linotype—I intend to try for 100,000 readers of the Blade in three years from the day that \$500 is secured. I intend to print in large figures on the margin of each issue of the Blade the number of that issue that is printed so that all can see whether I am accomplishing my plan.

## A CHRISTIAN SISSY

Takes the Kentucky "Suicide Club" Seriously.

We are nothing if not sensational in Kentucky, and accordingly, Campton, Kentucky, has organized a suicide club of young bachelors, who are pledged, each, to suicide, by jumping off a cliff if he says to his best girl "Wilt thou?" and she says no.

A piece of pious petticoats who signs herself "(Miss) Claudia V. Bess," reprints the special to the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune, in the Nashville American, under the double column head "Open letter written to Kentucky Suicide Club," and reads these young fellows a dead earnest pious lecture, which expostulates against the crime of suicide and quotes Scripture against it, that is necessarily a home made article, for the fellows who wrote the Bible confined all their killings to other people and suicide is not contemplated, or in any way alluded to, in the whole Bible. Suicide by the "cliff" route suggests that those fellows live in the mountains. Any day they may bust loose and kill two or three dozen other people, but it will be a colder day than we have had this winter before any of those mountain fellows kill themselves.

Down here in Lexington, despite Sissy Bess' deposition to the contrary, whenever the newspapers run out of every thing else sensational some Christian strikes out for heaven by his own artificial means, so durned anxious to get there that he can't wait on the regular

schedule time, but suicide will never get to be a fad in the Kentucky mountains so long as they can make pleasant little outings and taking their Winchester along, go to a moonshine distillery, fill up on "forty rod" and "blue ruin" brands, and kill every body around the neighborhood including a few United States marshals. O, no, Sissy, you got that thing up wrong. If your little game is to get some of that "club" to come down and take you in, you are not playing your cards right. Up here in Kentucky men of any sense ain't much stuck on pious women—frail of scandals with the preachers; been reading the B. G. B. too long. Send me a dollar for the Blade and read about Kidder—nice bachelor, lives in San Francisco, feed you on grapes and already got the names for his children that he's going to have, all picked out.

They are Tom P. Kidder, Bob L. Kidder, J. B. Wilson Kidder, Charles M. Kidder, Josephine H. Kidder and Mattie R. Kidder.

My dear girl don't fool away your time on piety; nothing in it; I tried it—that is unless you can get a fat job as a sky diver.

She the elegant thing while you are about it and send me \$5 to help buy that linotype.

REV. DR. FUNK.

The Prohibitionist, Has Turned Infidel.

The New York Truth Seeker reports that Rev. Dr. Isaac K. Funk, the most prominent Prohibitionist in the world, the founder of "The Voice," the greatest Prohibition paper in the world, lectured to the Manhattan Liberal Club of New York, the most prominent infidel club in the world.

The T. S. says:

"Dr. Funk, in his closing remarks, claimed that he was opposed to the liquor traffic not on theological grounds, but on account of its danger to the community, and that the God whom he worshipped was not the God of ecclesiasticism, but that of Herbert Spencer."

Herbert Spencer stands "away up in G" among infidels. Of course all cultivation leads to infidelity just as "all roads lead to Rome," but the fact that the whole Bible is for liquor specially inclines Prohibitionists to infidelity. Prohibitionists can never forget that the first miracle of Jesus Christ was to make more wine for a lot of fellows who were already drunk at the wedding supper of Jesus' cousin.

Dr. Funk is a nice man I know from personal acquaintance.

HAUSER CONVICTED.

The account of Hauser, who claims to be an infidel, and who has been sentenced to the penitentiary at Raleigh, N. Carolina, charged with burning his own house, will appear in the Blade. A paper from Wilmington, N. C., says of him:

"He has been a most exemplary prisoner and a number of friends have worked hard to secure his release. He is 51 years of age and a man of much more than ordinary intelligence."

It seems to me about one chance out of two that he is innocent and that his imprisonment is an instance of Christian persecution.

Send me information that we may help him if he is innocent.

(From Freethought Magazine.) A. B. Barrett, that stanch Freethinker, writes from Lenoire, Ark.:

As an all-around-and-tumble fighter in our ranks Bro. Moore of the Blue Grass Blade easily takes the lead. For calm thought, reasoning on the higher lines of sound logic, furnishing a foundation on which the average mind can rear a superstructure of truth, reason and science, I think the Freethought Magazine is without a peer in all my knowledge of Freethought literature. So to my mind, the Blade and the Magazine taken together, make a very strong team. I take both.

Comment.—Barrett just said that to make old Bro. Green feel good.

\$30.00

St. Louis to Los Angeles, San Diego, San Francisco, Cal., and intermediate points during March and April, the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway (Katy Flyer Route), will sell tickets at above rate. Personally conducted excursion cars leave St. Louis every Tuesday at 8:22 p. m. via Denison, Dallas, Waco, San Antonio and El Paso, Texas. For further particulars call on or address H. F. Bowsher, D. P. A., 435 Walnut street, Cincinnati, O.

## WOULD HE SEND ME TO HELL.

The Broad-Axe, a religious paper in Louisville, has a very long editorial against me, because I said the Bible encourages liquor drinking, a well known fact.

In the close of its remarks the editor seems almost to felicitate himself with the thought that I am an old man with both feet almost in the grave, and that I will go to hell when I die.

The editor does not seem to be a strong-minded man, but it hardly seems possible that he could really believe in the old fashioned hell of the Bible and then wish me to go there though I never did him any harm in my life.

To enjoy Christians has seemed greatly to bring burning infidels at the stake and it is possible that if this Louisville editor had the power he would burn me today, and if he would burn me here, it might be that he would burn me forever in hell too.

It is a fearful thing to think about a man living in this age who really believes in the existence of hell, and would wish his fellow man to go there.

It is now a rare thing that we find a man of any standing, intellectually and morally, who professes to believe in a hell, and, if there were nothing else that infidelity had done for the world, the fact that it has almost entirely banished the fear of hell from the world would amply repay for all it has done.

It reminds me of a man I heard of who, in a city, in people being sent to the lunatic asylum in Lexington because they thought they had stoned against the Holy Ghost, but I have not heard of a case of that kind for forty years.

I suppose there is certainly not a white preacher in Lexington now who would say that he believes there is a hell in which men would suffer from bodily burning in fire, and Dean Lee, of the Episcopal church, lately said in his pulpit that he did not know that there was any hell.

Soon after the close of our civil war I heard Spurgeon, the Baptist, preach in his tabernacle in London when he was, by far, the most famous preacher in the world.

I have just received "The Philosopher," the fine magazine of Dr. Roberts, and to show the change in religious opinion between that day and this, I give you an extract from one of Spurgeon's sermons that I find in "The Philosopher." It is as follows:

"You who are sensual and devilish do not care about your souls being punished, because you never think about your souls; but if I tell you of bodily punishment you will think of it far more. Christ may have said that the soul should be punished; but far more frequently to depress the body in misery in order to impress his hearers; for he knew that they were sensual and devilish, and that nothing that did not affect the body would touch them in the least. 'We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ, to receive the things done in the body, according to what we have done, whether it be good or evil.'"

But this is not the only text to prove the doctrine; I will give you a better one, Matthew 19: 29: "If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee; for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should be cast into hell," not "thy whole soul," but "thy whole body." Man, this does not say that thy soul shall be in hell; that is affirmed many times, but it positively declares that thy body shall. That same body which is now standing in the aisle, or sitting in the pew, if thou diest without Christ, shall burn forever in the flames of hell. It is not a fancy of man, but a truth that thy actual flesh and blood, and those very bones shall suffer—"Thy whole body shall be cast into hell."

But lest that one proof shall not suffice thee, hear another out of the same gospel, chapter X, 28: "Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell." Hell will be the place for bodies, as well as souls. As I have remarked, wherever Christ speaks of hell, and of the lost state of the wicked, he always speaks of their bodies; you scarcely find him saying anything about their souls. He says: "Where the worm dieth not," which is a figure of physical suffering—the worm torturing forever the inmost heart, like a cancer within the very soul. He speaks of the "Fire that never shall be quenched." Now, do not begin telling me that

that is metaphorical fire. Who cares for that? If a man were to threaten to give a metaphorical blow on the head, I should care very little about it; he would be welcome to give me as many as he pleased. And what say the wicked? "We do not care about metaphorical fire." But they are real, sir—yes, as real as yourself. There is a real fire in hell, as truly as you have now a real body—a fire exactly like that which we have on earth in everything except this, that it will not consume, though it will torture you. You have seen the asbestos lying in the fire red-hot, but when you take it out it is unconsumed. So your body will be prepared by God in such a way that it will burn forever without being consumed; it will lie, not as you consider, in metaphorical fire, but in actual flame. Did our Saviour mean fictions when he said he would cast body and soul into hell? What should there be a pit for, if there were no bodies? Why fire, why chains, if there were to be no bodies? Can fire touch the soul? Can pits shut in spirits? Can chains fetter souls? No; pits and fire and chains are for bodies, and bodies shall be there. Thou wilt sleep in the dust a little while. When thou diest, thy soul will be tormented alone—that will be a hell for it—but at the day of judgment thy body will join thy soul, and then thou wilt have twin hells; body and soul shall be together, each brimful of pain, thy soul sweating in its most pore, drops of blood, and thy body from head to foot, suffused with agony; conscience, judgment, memory all tortured; but more, thy head tormented with racking pains, thine eyes starting from their sockets with sights of blood and woe; thine ears tormented with "Sullen moans and hollow groans, and shrieks of tortured ghosts." Thine heart beating high with fever; thy pulse rattling at an enormous rate in agony; thy limbs cracking like the martyrs on the fire, and yet unburnt; thyself, put in a vessel of hot oil, pained, yet coming out undestroyed; all thy veins becoming a road for the hot feet of pain to travel on; every nerve a string on which the devil shall ever pull.

Utterable Lament; thy soul forever and ever aching, and thy body palpitating in union with thy soul. Fictions, sir? Again, I say, there are no fictions, and as God liveth, but solid, stern truth. If God be true, and this Bible be true, what I have said is the truth, and you will find it one day to be so.

## HOW MANY RELIGIONS?

Del Norte, Col., March 10, 1902. Editor of Blue Grass Blade.

Dear Sir:—How many accepted Bibles of different religions are there in the world? You will find 25 cents enclosed for any information you may be able to give me on this subject.

Respectfully,

F. W. HUBBARD.

Answer—It is impossible to answer the question satisfactorily, because it cannot be determined just what constitutes a Bible. I give you the following from the Standard Dictionary:

1. The Sacred Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, as received by the Christian church as a divine revelation; in certain churches embracing also parts of the Apocrypha.

2. A copy of the Scriptures; also a particular edition, revision or copy of the Scriptures, as, a Bagster Bible, King James' Bible; Donay Bible.

3. Any other writings for which Divine authorship is claimed, as the Mormon Bible.

4. Any embodiment of religion; the sacred books of any people.

The Breeches Bible; so called because of the substitution of the word breeches for apron in Genesis 3, 7.

The Printers' Bible; so called because it makes Psalms 119, 161 to read "Printers have persecuted me without a cause."

The Wicked Bible; so called because it omits the word "not" from the 7th commandment.

This edition was printed in 1632. It would be a good idea for free-lovers to reprint that edition.

It says "Thou shalt commit adultery."

The Breeches Bible would be good for woman's rights people, because it shows that man and woman originally "wore the breeches" just alike.

As for the Printer's Bible, that class of printers who "persecute" writers by horrid typographical errors ought never to be allowed to read any other than the Printer's Bible.

## KIDDER'S SACRAMENT READY.

We desire to announce to our readers that M. Grier Kidder's pamphlet, "The Sacrament," is now ready for delivery. It consists of a beautiful sixteen page pamphlet printed in large type, with elegant paper cover. It has been mailed to those who have subscribed, but should we overlook any of these, please notify us. Those who have not subscribed should do so now. The price is ten cents each, or twelve for \$1. Send your order direct to this office.

## PRESBYTERIANS

BACK DOWN FROM BURNING BABIES IN HELL.

For years and years we infidels have been taunting Presbyterians with the fact that babies that did not have the Presbyterian brand on them had to burn forever in hell. They tried to poo-poo it, and tried to lie out of it, but we had the dead wood on them, and quoted their documents on them, and it was getting so that the people wouldn't stand it, and Campbellite women and Methodist women were kicking about what Presbyterians were saying about all outside babies going to hell, and they were shutting down on Presbyterianism and the people didn't go to hear them and chip in—some times poker chips—to the mission box and the Presbyterian sky busters had to do something to raise the wind, and so they got together at Philadelphia and decided that even if God did use to use babies for fuel he had quit it in these days, and that now a Campbellite baby stood just as good a chance for its white alley as a Presbyterian baby did, and that there was a pretty good showing for all white babies to pull through—some little doubt possibly about Chinese babies.

Everybody knew that Presbyterianism taught that God had set aside, about four hundred million billion years ago a certain portion of the men—women didn't seem to be counted as in it—to go to heaven, including all Presbyterian preachers and all who paid Presbyterian pew rent, and that all the balance of the men were to go to hell but

there was such a general feeling that all men ought to go to hell that that never counted much one way or the other. But the Presbyterians while they were about it concluded to "go the whole hog," while they were letting up on the babies and so they decided also, at Philadelphia, that there would be special arrangements in some instances, for men who were not Presbyterians to get to heaven.

It would be a pity, however, to fix it like the Universalists do, so that all men could go to heaven, for just one Rucker would upset a whole otherwise well regulated heaven.

Infidels have ridiculed hell fire until all brands of Christians except an occasional travelling revivalist have given up the fire part of it, and make hell a place something like a second class boarding house, or a house with a fellow's mother-in-law lives with him.

They used to call hell an "eternal penitentiary," but I went to the penitentiary and told the people that it wasn't as bad as it was cracked up to be, and since they have all given up the good old fashionable fire and brimstone hell that the Bible talks about they are badly mixed as to what hell is.

In the light of advancing intelligence it has been easy for me to give up the idea of heaven and flying around and plunking on harps, but when I think about Rucker there is something sweet in the good old Bible fire and brimstone hell that I may rather believed in and that I was raised on and its hard for me to give it up.

## God Against Preachers and Churches.

The Courier Journal contains the following two special, one right under the other.

## BARN DESTROYED BY LIGHTNING.

Springfield, Ky., March 12.—(Special.)—During a severe electrical and rain storm this afternoon about 3 o'clock the stock barn of the Rev. John Campbell, seven miles east of this place, was struck by lightning. The barn and contents, including a fine horse, were burned, entailing a loss of several hundred dollars.

## A CHURCH BADLY DAMAGED.

Georgetown, Ky., March 12.—(Special.)—During a high windstorm this afternoon the roof was blown off the Primitive Baptist church and part of the front wall blown down.

## From the New Version.

He that giveth to the Blade lendeth to the Lord, and the Lord will repay him, with ten per cent interest, when I get that linotype.—Proverbs 19: 17.

Trials of Thelam.  
Accused of obstructing secular life.  
By G. J. Holyoake. Cloth, \$1.